



Gulliver's Travels

JONATHAN SWIFT

NEW METHOD SUPPLEMENTARY READER STAGE 2

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

AND OTHER STORIES

*Simplified and brought within the vocabulary of
New Method Reader 2 by*

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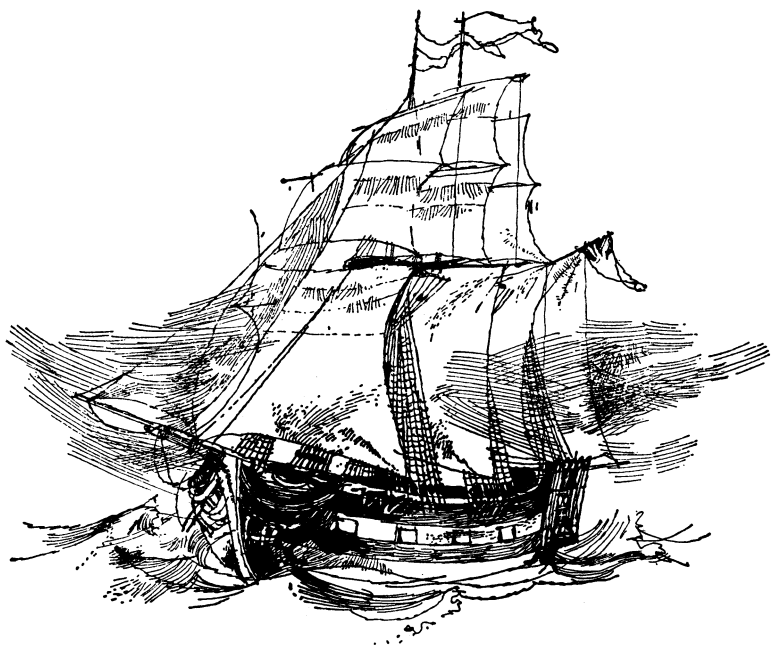
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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

by JONATHAN SWIFT

A JOURNEY TO LILLIPUT



The Antelope

Chapter One

HOW I CAME TO LILLIPUT

A. My father had some land in the north of England, but it was not very much, and I was the youngest of five brothers. I left school when I was seventeen years old, because my father could not pay for me any longer. I then went on to the good ship *Antelope*, which was sailing under Captain Pritchard for the South Seas. We set out from Bristol in May, 1700 (seventeen hundred), and at first all went well.

B. I will not tell all the things that happened to us in those seas. It is enough to say that, on our way to the East Indies, a great wind carried us out of our course so that we came to the north of Van Diemen's Land. Twelve of our men had died from the hard work and bad food, and of the rest none was very strong. One morning, when there was heavy rain so that we could not see well, one of the men saw a rock very close to the ship. The wind was so strong that we were driven upon it, and a great hole was made in the bottom of the ship. Six of the men (of whom I was one) got down a boat into the sea. But we were not strong enough to take care of the boat, and the wind soon turned it over.

I do not know what happened to the others, but I believe that they must have been all lost. As for myself, I was carried by the wind and water. I do not know which way I went—or how far. I often put my feet down, but could feel no bottom.

C. At last I could do no more, and thought that I must die. Then I put down my feet, and found that I could stand. By this time the wind was much less. I walked almost a mile before I got to dry land. It was after seven at night when I reached there. I went on about half a mile, but I could not see any houses or people—or perhaps I was so tired that I did not see them. Then I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and fell into the deepest sleep that I ever remember to have had in my life.

D. I must have slept for about nine hours; for when I awoke it was just daylight. I tried to get up from the ground; but I could not move! I was lying on my back. Then I found that my arms and feet were held down to the ground with *strings*. My hair, which was long, was held down in the same way. Thousands of strings had been passed across my body, so that I could not move any part of me, but could only lie there on my back looking up at the sky.

The sun grew hot, and the light hurt my eyes. I heard a noise all about me; but, as I lay, I could see nothing. In a little time I felt something alive



I found that I was held down with strings.

moving on my foot. Then it came over my body and up to my face. Turning my eyes down as much as I could, I saw a man. He was not half a foot high. By his dress he seemed to be a soldier. Then there came forty more, following the first.

E. I was so much surprised that I gave a great cry. Then they all ran back in great fear; and (as I was told later) some of them were hurt in jumping down from my side on to the ground. They soon came back; and one, braver than the rest, came so far that he could see my face. He threw up his hands and raised his eyes and cried out in a very clear voice, "*Hekinah degul.*" And the others answered "*Hekinah? Degul hekinah!*" But I did not then know what they meant.

After pulling very hard I got one arm up from the ground. I also raised my head; this gave me great pain, for many of the hairs were pulled out. I put out my hand to catch some of the little men; but they ran away before I could close my hand on them. Then I heard a noise, and felt a pricking in my hand like that of a thousand needles; and I found that they were shooting at me. Many of the shots went into my clothes and did not hurt me; but others were shot up into the air and came down on my face. They caused me great pain; and I was afraid for my eyes. I put my hand over my face.

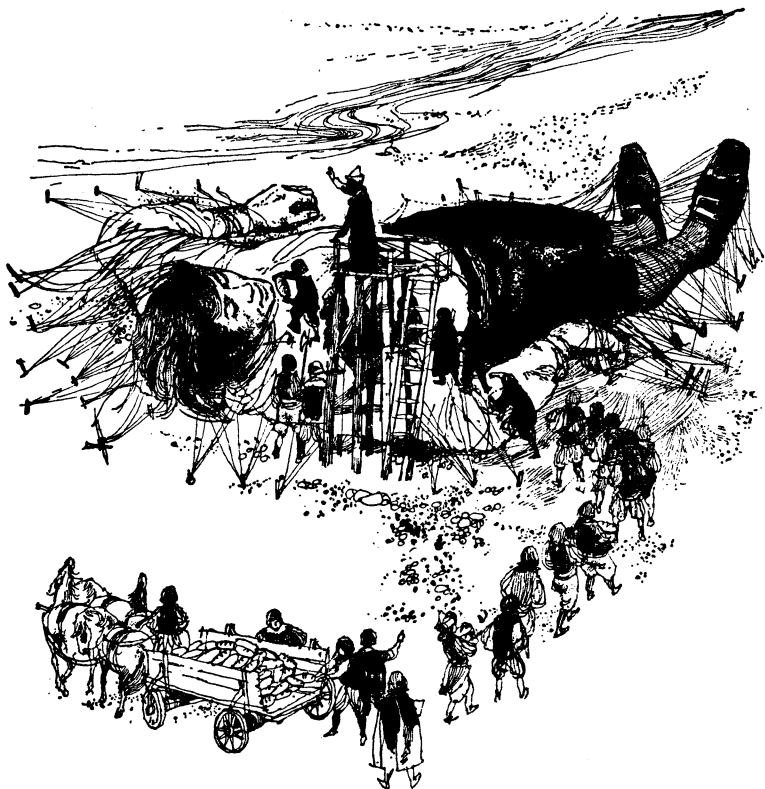
F. After this I thought that the wisest thing to do was to lie quiet till night. I thought that then, my

hand being free, I could quickly set free the rest of my body. I thought that I had no cause to be afraid of the people, if they were no larger than those whom I had seen.

But things did not happen in this way. When the people saw that I was quiet, they did not shoot at me any more; but by the noise I knew that their numbers had become greater.

About twelve feet away from me I heard a sound, near my ear. Turning my head a little I saw that some men were setting up a wooden table, large enough for four of the little people to stand upon, and about one and a half feet high. When the table was ready, four persons came and got up on it. One of them was older and rather larger than the other three. He had a rich long coat which was held up from the ground by a little boy who stood behind him. He called out, "*Langro dehul san.*"

G. At once forty of the people came and cut the strings which held the other side of my head, so that I could turn it and see the persons on the table better. Then the man with the long coat began to speak. He spoke very well, moving his hands this way and that so as to show his meaning. He spoke for a long time. Of course, I did not know the words, but from his hands and from his voice I thought that he was telling me that they would not hurt me if I did as I was ordered, but that they would kill me if I tried to get free. I raised my hand and turned up my eyes to the sky as if to



They marched up to my mouth, carrying food.

show that I knew what he meant and that I would remain quiet. I also put my hand to my mouth, showing that I wanted food. For I had had nothing to eat for some hours before I left the ship.

H. He seemed to know what I wanted: for he gave some orders. At once a hundred men climbed up

on to my body and marched up to my mouth, carrying food. These things had been sent there by the King when he first heard of my coming. I could not tell what the food was; there were things not larger than mice which I thought to be cows cooked whole. There were also hens no bigger than a bean. I ate the loaves two or three at a time. As I ate there were cries of surprise from the people because I could eat so quickly and so much.

After I had eaten I showed them that I wanted to drink. Then many men came carrying a great pot of milk which they poured into my mouth. I called for another, and they gave it me. But, when I called for a third, they showed me that they had no more. I had drunk all the milk in the country. So pleased were they at the sight of my eating and drinking that they danced upon my body and my arms crying out "*Hekinah degul!*"

I. As they passed this way and that way over my body, I thought of catching forty of them in my hand and throwing them on to the ground. But I thought of the pain which I had felt when they shot at me—and perhaps there might be other things which they could do. Also I had told them that I would remain quiet. So I let them remain. Yet I was surprised that these little people were so brave as to climb up on me and walk about on my body when one of my hands was free; for I must have seemed to them the greatest giant in the world.

After I had eaten, there came to me a very great person bringing a letter from the King. He was followed by many servants dressed in very fine clothes. He walked up to my face and held out his letter close to my eye. Then he spoke for some time, and several times pointed to the north-west. As I learnt later, he was pointing to their city which was about half a mile away. He seemed to be saying that the King had ordered that I must be carried to the city.

J. I answered in a few words, and I showed with my hand that I wanted to be set free. He knew what I meant, but he moved his head as if saying "No, you must be carried." But he showed me that I should be given food and drink and that no one would hurt me. Seeing the great number of them, and remembering the pain of the shooting, I said that they might do what they wished. The great man then went away, seeming very pleased with himself.

Soon after that I heard a great noise of the people, and there were cries of "*Peplom selan.*" Then many people came on one side of me and cut all the strings on that side so that I could now turn on to the other side. This I was glad to do. They also put upon my face some oil which had a nice smell and took away all the pain of the shots. This, and the food which I had eaten, made me wish to sleep. I slept for about nine hours. (I learnt later that a sleeping-powder had been mixed with my food.)

K. As soon as the King had heard of my coming, he had given orders that I was to be brought to the city, and for this reason had ordered that a great cart should be made ready to bear me. They had many large carts used for carrying trees. They had also some very large carts used for taking the ships down to the sea. For they built their ships in the forest and then took them down to the water. Putting many of these carts together they made one great thing, seven feet long and less than half a foot high. It moved upon twenty-two wooden rollers. The cart had set out four hours after I came to land, and the cry "*Peplom selan*" was raised by the people at the sight of it, as it came near the place where I was lying.

The great cart was brought just behind my back: they had now to raise me and put me upon it. Nine hundred men worked at this for three hours, and at last they got me into place on the cart. This was done while I was lying in a deep sleep because of the powder. Fifteen hundred of the King's largest horses were used to pull me to the city, which (as I have said) was half a mile away.

L. After four hours we began our journey. We made a long march; then we rested at night with five hundred men on each side of me ready to shoot me if I tried to move. Next day, at daylight, we went on; and at noon we were about five hundred feet from the city. The King came out to meet me; he came near and looked at me, but it was not thought safe for him to climb up on me.

At the place where the cart stopped there was an old church. It was the largest building in the whole country. For certain reasons it had not been used as a church for many years. It had now been made ready for me to use as my house. The great door on the north was four feet high and two feet wide. So I could go into it by getting down on my hands. One of my feet was set in a great ring on the end of many strong strings so that I could not get away, but could only walk two or three feet away from the outside of my door.

Chapter Two

HOW I LIVED IN LILLIPUT

A. Early next day I came out of my house and looked about me. The country was like a garden. The fields were about forty feet square. The tallest trees seemed to be about seven feet high. On the other side of me the town looked like a picture in a child's book. In front of my church there was a very high house on the other side of the road, about twenty feet away from me. As I stood there, the King came with many ladies and gentlemen. They went up on to the top of the house to look at me. After a time the King came down. He got up on his



The town looked like a picture in a book.

horse and began to ride nearer to me. But the horse was afraid of such a sight, as if a mountain had moved before him. The King (who was a very good horseman) was not thrown off; but, when servants came and held the horse for him, he got down. Then he began to walk round me; but he did not come in close, into the part where I could go.

B. Food was then brought to me on carts. The carts were brought just so near that I could reach them, and the men then ran away. The Queen and the young Princes sat on the top of the house and watched me eating.

After a time the King went away. A number of soldiers remained to keep the people from coming too close to me, or hurting me. But, when I was sitting on the ground near the door of my house, some of the people shot at me; and one of the shots missed my eye by very little. Then the Captain ordered his soldiers to catch six of the men who had done this. He then made the soldiers throw them in to me so that I might do what I wished with them. I held five of them in one hand; and I took the other and made as if I would eat him. He cried out fearfully, and the Captain and his soldiers were in much pain at the sight. But I soon put them out of their fear. For I laughed and put them all carefully on the ground, and let them run away. The people and the soldiers seemed to be very pleased at my gentleness, and they told the King about it.

C. Just at this time the King and all his great men had met together to talk about me. I was told later about these talks by a friend who was present at them. Some were afraid that I might get free—which might be very dangerous. Others were afraid that my food would cost them a great deal of money, and that the people of the country would not have enough left to eat. Some thought that perhaps it might be best to kill me (which might be done in my sleep). But others thought that if this were done, the smell of the dead body might cause illness in the city. While they were saying these things, the Captain of the soldiers came and told them how I had treated the six men. Hearing this they were very pleased and all said that they would keep me alive. The King gave orders for my food, and six very wise men were ordered to teach me, so that I might learn to speak to them and also know what they said.

D. All this was done, and in about three weeks I could speak quite well. The King often came to see me and helped my teachers. We began to talk to each other; one of the first things that I said to him was that I wished to be set free. He answered that this could not be done at once, but he must think about it. Then he said, "I hope you will not be angry if I tell some of my soldiers to see what things you carry about with you; for I fear that you may have some things which might be dangerous to me and to my people."

I answered, "I shall be glad to show your men everything that I have."

On the next day two men came and walked all over me looking into all parts of my clothing. They drew pictures of all my things and made notes upon each thing—my pencil, my notebook, my pipe and the glasses which I used for my bad eye-sight, and all the other things which I had with me.

E. One day when the King was sitting with me, there came a man with a note to the King. The note was from some people who had been riding near the place where I was first found.

"We were riding today near the place where the Man-Mountain was found and we saw there a very large black thing on the ground. It is as high as a man, and as large round as a hut. Close about it there was a thing that was like a road. It may be some great sea-beast, but it is not alive, for it does not move. If it is a hut or house, there is no man or beast living in it, for we have climbed on to the top and can hear no sound inside it. Also we can see no door. We think that the Man-Mountain may know what it is. For this reason we have sent a note to the King telling him about it. Please send five horses to us and we will bring the thing to the city."

After thinking for a time, I knew what they had found, and I was very glad. My hat was with me when I was in the water, but it fell off when I came to the land, and I had been too tired to take it up again, but had left it there.

On the next day five horses came bringing my hat.

F. It had been a very fine hat once, but it did not look fine now; for they had made two holes in the side for the strings pulled by the horses, and they had drawn it along the road and through the dust for more than half a mile.

On the next day the King's army was marching about on the plain in front of my house. The King told me to stand up with my feet as wide as I could. Then the whole army marched under me between my feet. There were three thousand foot-soldiers and a thousand horsemen.

G. At last the King sent me certain "Orders", saying that, if I would keep to these, he would let me go free.

*Orders
of
Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo
Shefin mully Ullly Gue,
King of Lilliput, Giant among Men,
Loved and Feared by all peoples
upon Earth.*

1. *The Man-Mountain shall not leave Our country without Our orders.*

2. *He shall not come into the city without Our orders. (Two hours before he comes into the city all the people shall go into their houses and remain there.)*

3. *He shall walk only upon the roads. He shall not walk over the fields, or lie down in them.*

4. *When he walks, he shall take great care not to put his foot upon any of Our people, or on their horses, or on their carts; and he shall not take them up in his hands.*

5. *He shall help Our ships and Our army in the war against the people of the Island of Blefusco.*

6. *He shall help Our workmen to raise certain great stones for building a wall round Our garden.*
and—

7. *He shall be given such food as would be enough for 1728 of Our people.*

The reader will notice the number 1728. It was found by the King's learned men that I was twelve times as high as any one of the people of Lilliput. My mass would then be $12 \times 12 \times 12$ times that of a man of Lilliput. 12 times 12 is 144; 144×12 is 1728.

Chapter Three

HOW I MADE WAR UPON BLEFUSCO

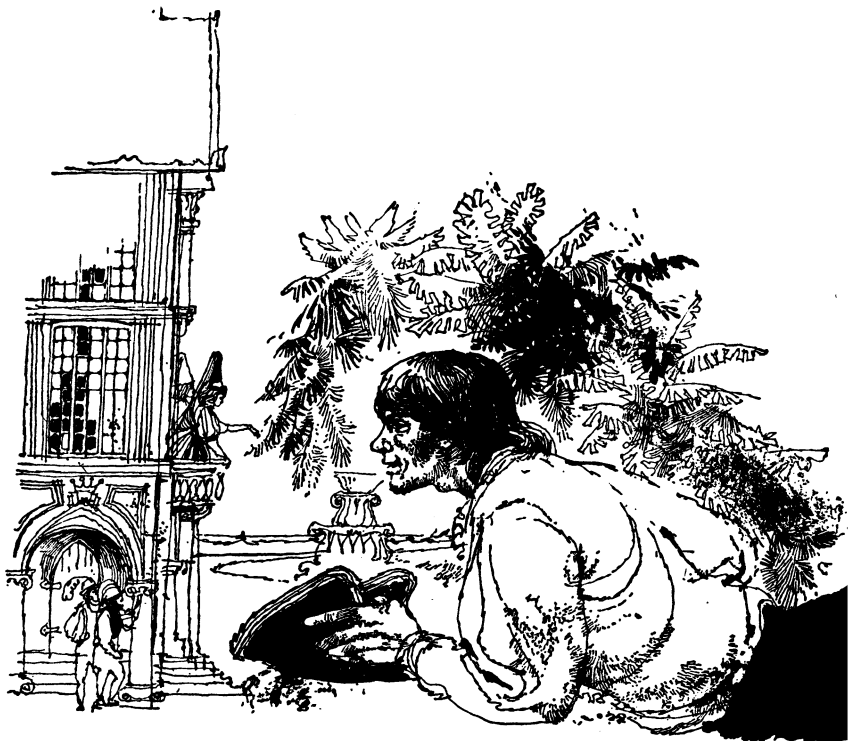
A. As soon as I was set free I asked if I might see the city. The King was pleased to let me do this. Orders were given to all the people to remain in their houses. I then stepped over the wall, and went very carefully along the two largest streets. All the windows were full of faces looking out at me, and large numbers of people were standing on the tops of the houses. The King's house is just at the place where the two great streets meet. There is a beautiful garden on all sides of it. Lying down in the garden I put my eye to the windows. The rooms inside were very beautiful. In one room I saw the Queen and some of the young Princes. They were greatly pleased by my visit, and the Queen put her hand out of the window for me to kiss.

B. That same night Reldresal, a great man in Lilliput, and a close friend of the King, came and talked to me. He told me that there had been quarrels in Lilliput for many years. "There are two sides to the quarrel," he said, "the Big-enders and the Little-enders. The King himself is a Little-ender, and so are most of our people; but the Big-enders are helped by the people of the Island of Blefusco. War has already started. With quarrels inside the country and war outside I am greatly

afraid. I do not know what will happen. Perhaps you can help us. If you cannot, we are lost."

"But," said I, "what is this quarrel about? And what is a 'Big-ender'?"

"The quarrel," answered Reldresal, "is about a very solemn matter. It is about a thing which comes into the lives of all our people almost every day. It is about the Way in which an Egg should



Lying down in the garden I put my eye to the windows.

be Opened for Eating. The Big-enders believe that the big end of the egg should be cut off; and the Little-enders believe that it is the little end which should be cut."

C. I went to the King next day and told him that I could help him in the war if he would let me do so. "I have heard," said I, "that the ships of Blefusco are waiting to come against you as soon as they can get the right wind. They know nothing of me, for I have not been near the sea since I first came here. . . ." I then told him what I would do, and he was very pleased.

I then went to the Captains of a number of our ships and asked them how deep the water was between the Island of Lilliput and the Island of Blefusco. I learnt that it was not more than five or six feet at the deepest part. I then got a long piece of the strongest string that I could find. Then I took off my shoes and walked into the water.



D. In half an hour I came to Blefusco and saw their ships. When they saw me many of the men jumped out of their ships into the water. I then took my string and passed it round the front part of each of the ships, so that they were all held together. While I was doing this they began to shoot at me, and many of the shots hit my hands and my face. These gave me great pain; but what I feared most was for my eyes. Happily I had remembered to bring my eye-glasses with me. I put these on my nose, and after that I felt safe, and could go on with my work. I had now got all the ships together on my string. I then took the other end of the string and pulled, and so drew forty of the largest of the Blefusco ships after me.

The people on the land sent up such an angry cry as I have never heard before. When I had got out of danger, I stopped to put some of that sweet-smelling oil on my hands where the shots had hit them. I also took off my eye-glasses. Then I went on and came safe to Lilliput.

E. The King and all his great men had come down to meet me. When they first saw all the Blefusco ships coming, they were greatly afraid. For they could not see me, because the sea was deep there, and only my head was above water. As I came nearer I stood up out of the water, and held up the string so that they might see it, and I called out: "Long live the most powerful King of Lilliput!"

The King was so pleased at this, that he asked me to go again and bring all the rest of the ships from Blefusco. He wanted to conquer their whole country and to make the people of it his servants. I said that I would not help him to treat a free people in this way. At this he became angry. And from this time certain of the King's friends began to talk together how they might kill me or send me away.

F. The war came to an end. The King of Blefusco sent a letter to me asking me to visit his country so that he might see me. Now, as you remember, it was written in the Orders of the King of Lilliput that I should not leave the country without the King's word; but I did not think that he would say "No." So I made ready to visit the King of Blefusco, not knowing that the King of Lilliput was angry and that many of his friends were talking together against me.

That same night there came to me a very great person in the King's house, who was a friend to me; and he told me how things were. The King had heard that I wanted to visit Blefusco. He and his friends said that I would make war on Lilliput from there. The King had now given orders that my eyes were to be put out, and that no food should be given me, so that I should die. Orders had also been given for taking away my body when I was dead; it was to be cut up and pulled away, piece by piece, and thrown into the sea.

G. Hearing this I was at first very angry, and began to think what I could do against these people. But later I thought of all the kindness that they had shown me; "They are only foolish," I said. Then I took one of the King's largest ships. I took off my clothes. I put my clothes, and all the other things that I had, into it so as to keep them dry. Then I walked through the water pulling the ship after me, and came over to the Island of Blefusco. I found two men near the sea who showed me the way to the city. The King of Blefusco and his Queen came out to meet me.

I will not tell you of all the kindness shown to me by this great King. He did all that he could to serve me and to make me happy. But there was no house large enough for me, and I had to put my coat over me and sleep out in a field.

Chapter Four

HOW I CAME HOME AGAIN

A. Three days later I was walking on the northeast of the island and I saw something that looked like a boat half a mile out to sea. I took off my shoes and walked out to it. I soon came near to it, for it was being brought in to the land by the wind and water. I saw that it was a boat, upside down in the water.



I walked through the water pulling the ship after me.

I went quickly back to the city and asked the King to send twenty of his largest ships and two thousand men to help me to get the boat to land. The King's ships sailed round. They put strings on to the boat and drew it in nearer the land where the water was less. Then I took it myself and turned it up the right way, and found that it was quite whole and ready for sailing.

I then brought it round to the city. The people were greatly surprised at seeing so large a boat, which was to them as big as a great mountain. I asked the King to give me food and other things which I needed, so that I might go back to my own country. He was sad that I should leave him so soon, but he was very kind and gave me all that I asked. His men also helped me in making the boat ready for sea.

B. After a few days all was ready. I took with me six cows, alive, to show them in my own country. I would gladly have taken some of the people, but none of them would come.

I set out on May the first, 1702 (seventeen hundred and two). The King and Queen waved their hands to me as I sailed away. I hoped to reach some of the islands on the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. But on the third day I saw a ship on the south-east. I called out to her; but I got no answer. Then the ship came nearer and her men saw me. They put out a flag and I came up to them.

C. My heart was full of happiness when I saw her English flag. I went on to the ship, taking with me all my things. (I kept the six cows in my hat.) The Captain, Mr John Biddle of Deptford, was a very good man. I met among his men an old friend, Peter Williams, who told the Captain who I was. The Captain was then most kind to me. He asked me where I had come from, and I told him something of what is written in this book; but, of course, he did not believe me: rather he thought that the dangers through which I had passed had turned my head. Then I took out the six cows and showed them to him. Seeing these he was greatly surprised, and he believed my story.

I will not tell the reader about the rest of the journey, which was very quiet for the most of the way. One of my cows was eaten by the mice on the ship. The rest were alive when I came to England, and I sold some of them for much money.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

by JOHN RUSKIN

Chapter One

HOW MR SOUTH-WEST WIND VISITED THE BLACK BROTHERS

A. In a certain part of the country of Styria there was a very rich *valley*. On all sides of it were great rocky mountains, whose tops were always covered with snow; and from the tops of these mountains fell a number of rivers. One of these rivers fell to the west, over the face of a high rock. The rock was so high that, when the sun set and all other things were in darkness, the light still fell upon this river making it look like gold. For this reason people called it the "Golden River". It is surprising that none of these rivers fell into the valley itself. They all went down on the other side of the mountains, and went away through wide plains and by great cities. But the clouds were so drawn to the snowy hills and rested there so softly that, when all the country round about was dry and burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley. And its corn was so heavy, its grass was so high, its apples were so red that it was often called "The Golden Valley".

B. All the land in this valley was held by three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men. They had small eyes, deep-set in



The Golden Valley.

their faces; and their eyes were always half-shut, so that you could not see into *them*, but you always thought that they saw very far into *you*. They lived by working on the land in the Golden Valley. They worked hard, and they were very careful. They killed everything that did not bring them some money to pay for what it ate. They killed the singing birds because they ate the apples; they killed every living thing that did not help them to get money. They made their servants work without giving them any money, till they would not work any more: then they quarrelled with them and sent them out of the house without paying them. It would have been very surprising if, with such rich land and such a way of working, the brothers had not become very rich. They did get very rich. Their house was full of gold; yet they never gave anything to the poor. They never went to church, and they were very angry whenever they were asked to pay money to the church. They were so bad in every way that people called them "The Black Brothers"

C. The youngest brother, Gluck, was not like his brothers at all; he could not have been less like them! He was not more than twelve years old. His eyes were blue; his hair was fair, and he was kind to every living thing. Of course he did not like his brothers very much: or rather I should say that *they* did not like *him*. They made him the cook—when there was anything to be cooked. (For the brothers

treated themselves just as hardly as they treated other people, and there was very little to eat in their house.) Gluck also used to clean the rooms, and clean the shoes, and wash the pots. All the food he got was what happened to be left after his brothers had eaten; and that (you may be sure) was very little. Of one thing only Gluck got more than enough and that was hard words.

D. Things went on in this way for a long time. At last there came a very bad summer, and everything went badly in the country round. The apples were bad; the corn was bad; the grass was bad; the cows died: everything was as bad as bad can be.

Only in the Golden Valley all was safe. It had rain when all the rest of the country had none; and it had sun when all the rest of the country had no sun. Everyone came to buy corn from the Black Brothers; and everyone went away calling them bad names. For the Black Brothers asked a very great deal of money for their corn; they asked just as much as they wished to ask. And people had to give it, for they could not get corn in any other place. The poor people, who could not give so much money, lay down and died at the door; and the Black Brothers let them die!

E. Winter was drawing near. It was a very cold day. The two elder brothers said to Gluck, "You stay and see to the cooking of this nice bit of meat.

Let no one come into the house; and give nothing out." Then they went out.

Gluck sat down close to the fire, for it was raining hard and the walls of the kitchen were not very dry.

"I wish," thought Gluck, "that my brothers would sometimes ask people in to a meal with them. This is such a nice piece of meat, and no other person in this country has got even a piece of dry bread. It would make them happy to ask someone to eat with them."

Just as he spoke there was a sound at the door. Was it someone wanting to come in, or was it the wind?

F. "It must be the wind," said Gluck, "for no one would make a noise like that on our door. They would be too much afraid of my brothers."

No; it was not the wind; there it came again, very hard. And the person did not seem to be at all afraid: he hit the door quickly again and again! Gluck went to the window and opened it. He put his head out to see who it was at the door.

It was the most surprising-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very long nose, and a round, very red face, as if he had been blowing hard. His eyes were very clear. His hair was white and grew down on to his back. He was about four and a half feet high, and he had on his head a hat which was as high as himself. On the top of this hat was a black feather three feet long. He had a

very large black coat. If there had been no wind it would have been much too long for him; but the wind carried it straight out from him to about four times his own length.

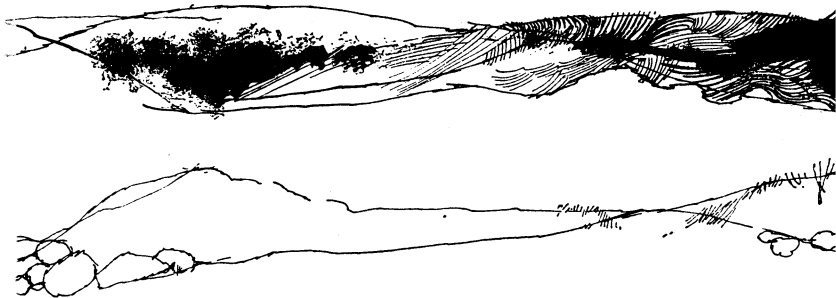
G. Gluck was so surprised at what he saw, that he could not say one word. The old gentleman hit the door again, making a great noise. Then he turned round to catch his coat, which seemed to be flying away. As he did so, he saw Gluck's little golden head at the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open.

"Ho!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer someone at the door. Open the door! I am cold. Let me come in."

"I can't," said Gluck sadly. "I do wish that I could, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in. I can't really. My brothers would almost kill me if I thought of such a thing. What do you want?"





Gluck was so surprised he could not say one word.

“Want?” said the old gentleman angrily. “I want to come in and sit by the fire. There is your great fire burning away so nicely, with no one to feel it. Let me in, I say: I only want to warm myself.”

H. Gluck’s head had now been out of the window so long that he began to feel very cold. He turned and saw the beautiful fire burning there, and he felt quite sad to think that it should be burning away for nothing.

“He does look very cold,” said Gluck. “I will let him in just for a little time.”

Round he went to the door and opened it; and, as the little gentleman walked in, a great wind blew through the house.

“That’s a good boy,” said the little gentleman. “Don’t you be afraid of your brothers; I’ll talk to them.”

“Please don’t do any such thing,” said Gluck. “I can’t let you stay till they come; they would kill me.”

“Oh!” said the old gentleman, “that is rather sad. How long may I stay?”

“Only till this meat is cooked,” answered Gluck; “and it is almost ready.”

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down near the fire.

I. “You will soon get dry there,” said Gluck, and he sat down again to see to the cooking.

But the old gentleman did *not* get dry. The water fell from him on to the hot coals. *Sss! Sss! Sss!* The fire began to look very black as if all this water would put it out. There was never such a coat; every bit of it ran with water like a river.

For some time Gluck watched the water going in long silver rivers over the floor. At last he said, "Please, may I take your coat?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"May I take your hat?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman rather angrily.

"But—please—really—you are putting the fire out."

"Then it will take longer to cook the meat," answered the old gentleman quietly.

J. Gluck was surprised by the old gentleman: he was so quiet, and yet so certain of himself. Gluck went on with the cooking.

"That meat looks very nice," said the old gentleman at last. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"No," said Gluck, "I really cannot."

"I do want something to eat," said the old gentleman; "I have had no food for two days. They would not see it, if you gave me a little bit off the end."

He spoke so sadly that Gluck could not say "No."

"My brothers said that I might have a piece of

meat today," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

K. Then Gluck began to cut the meat.

"I don't care if my brothers do hit me," thought he.

Just as he had cut a large piece out of the meat, there came a great noise at the door. The old gentleman jumped up. Gluck quickly put the piece of meat back into its place, so as to hide it; then he ran to open the door.

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his hat in Gluck's face.

"Yes, why? You little good-for-nothing!" said Hans, hitting him on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"God help us!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"I hope He may," said the little gentleman, who had taken his hat off and was standing near the table.

L. "Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a stick and turning to Gluck with an angry face.

"I really don't know, brother," said Gluck, very much afraid.

"How did he get in?" cried Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very* cold."

The stick was just coming down on to Gluck's head; but the old gentleman put his hat in between. It hit the hat so hard that water went all over the room. And a very surprising thing happened: as soon as the stick hit the hat, it was caught out of Schwartz's hand, and was sent flying across the room.

"Who are you?" cried Schwartz.

"What do you want?" asked Hans in an ugly voice.

"I am a poor old man," the little gentleman began, very quietly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and I asked if I might sit by it for a short time."

"Then be so good as to walk out again," said Schwartz. "We have quite enough water in our kitchen without using it to dry clothes."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out; look at my white hair." It grew down on to his back, as I told you before.

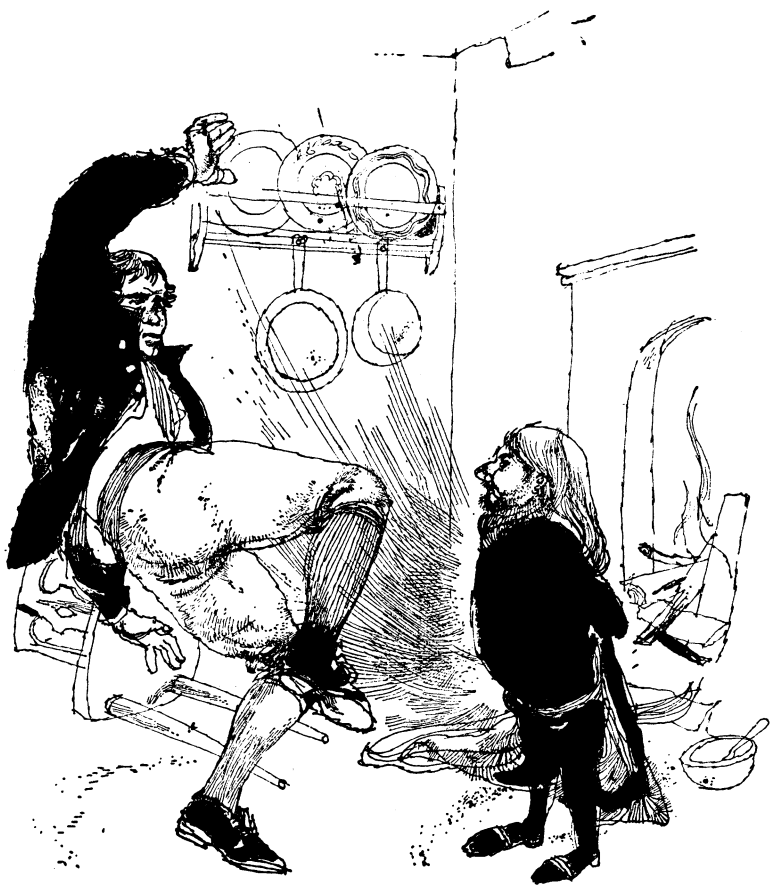
"Yes," said Hans, "you have got enough of that hair to keep you warm. Walk!"

M. "I do need food; couldn't you give me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread!" said Schwartz. "Do you think that we have nothing to do with our bread but to give it to red-nosed people like you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans with an ugly laugh. "Go out."

"A little bit of bread," said the old gentleman.



He went flying through the air.

“Go!”

“I pray you, gentlemen.”

“Go!” cried Hans, putting out his hand to take the old man by the arm. But as soon as his hand

fell upon the old gentleman's arm, away he went, just like the stick, flying through the air till he fell against the wall on the other side of the room.

Then Schwartz was very angry. He ran at the old gentleman to throw him out of the house. But as soon as his hand met the old gentleman's body, away he went after Hans and the stick, and hit his head against the wall as he fell. So there they lay, all three—Schwartz, and Hans, and the stick.

N. Then the old gentleman put his hat on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand up straight without going through the top of the house).

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I wish you a very good morning. At twelve tonight I shall visit you again. After the way in which you have treated me, you will not be surprised if that is my last visit to you."

"If I ever catch you here again——" said Schwartz, getting up from the floor, still rather afraid. But before he could say any more the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great noise; and at the same time there went quickly past the window a mass of dark cloud.

O. "A very pretty thing, Mr Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Bring the meat. If I ever catch you doing such a thing again—— Why! The meat has been cut!"

"You said that I could have a bit, brother," answered Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it when it was hot,

so as to get the best bit. It will be a long time before I ever give you any meat again. Go out of the room; and wait outside till I call you."

Gluck left the room sadly enough. The brothers ate as much as they could. Then they shut up the rest of the food, and they sat down to drink.

Such a night it was! Wind and rain without stopping. The brothers shut all the windows and the door, and then they went to bed. They slept in the same room.

They woke at twelve, hearing a fearful noise. The door was thrown open with such power that it seemed as if the house would fall.

"What's that?" said Schwartz, jumping up in bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The brothers sat up on their beds and looked into the darkness. The room was full of water. A little moonlight came in through the open window. By this light they saw a great ball of water turning round and round and jumping up and down. And on the top of this ball, as on a bed, lay the little old gentleman, hat and all. There was quite enough space for his hat now, for the top of the house had been blown off.

P. "I am afraid you will not sleep very well here," said the old man. "Your beds are not very dry. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room, for that is quite safe, and as dry as ever it was."

They did not wait to hear more, but ran into Gluck's room as quickly as they could.

"You will find my name on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember—this is my last visit."

Day came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Golden Valley was golden no more! The water had carried away trees, corn, cows, everything, and left in their place a waste of red earth.

The two brothers went into the kitchen. There also everything had been carried away by wind and water. Corn, money, everything was gone. There was left only a small piece of white paper on the kitchen table. On it was written in large letters the words:



Chapter Two

WHAT THE THREE BROTHERS DID AFTER THE VISIT OF MR SOUTH-WEST WIND; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD A TALK WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

A. Mr South-West Wind had spoken the truth. After that visit he did not come to the Golden Valley any more. More than that, he told his brothers, the West Winds, not to go there; and they did as he asked. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and happy in the plains at the foot of the mountains, the valley of the three brothers was a dry waste. What had once been the richest land in the whole country became a mass of dry red earth. The brothers at last left the place and went to the city. All their money was gone; they had nothing left but some golden jars and pots, the last remains of their riches.

B. "Let us set up as sellers of gold," said Schwartz as they came into the city. "We can *melt* down the gold and add bad matter to it, and no one will know."



"We can melt down gold," they said.

They were both very pleased with this thought. They got a house, and built a fireplace for melting gold. But for two reasons they did not do very well; one reason was that people did not wish to buy bad gold; and the other reason was that, whenever they sold anything, they used to go and waste the money in a drinking-house near by. And they left Gluck to see to the fire while they were away.

So they melted all their gold without making any money to buy more. Only one thing was left, and that was a large drinking-pot which had been given to Gluck. Gluck loved this drinking-pot, and he did not want to give it up—although he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

C. It was a very old pot; on the front of it was a face. The face was made of the very reddest gold. It had long golden hair. And there were two angry red eyes so placed that you could not drink out of the pot without the eyes *looking* at you. Schwartz said that once he saw the eyes open and shut while he was drinking; but on that day Schwartz had drunk a great deal more than was good for him.

Now the drinking-pot had to be melted down. Poor Gluck was so sad about it; but the brothers only laughed at him. They threw it into the melting-pot, and went out, leaving him to do the rest.

When they were gone, Gluck looked sadly at his old friend in the melting-pot. The hair had all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the red eyes which looked angrier than ever.

D. "I am not surprised that he looks angry," thought Gluck, "after being treated in this way."

He walked across to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh air and to get away from the hot smell of the fire. Now this window looked out on the mountains which stood around the Golden Valley, and you could see from it the highest point, from which fell the Golden River.

It was just at the end of the day; and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the mountain-tops all red and blue with the late sunlight. Over the mountains were clouds red as fire. But clearer than all he saw the river falling like gold from rock to rock.

"Ah!" said Gluck, after he had looked at it for a little time, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it would not, Gluck," said a clear, hard voice close at his ear.

E. "What's that?" cried Gluck, jumping up. There was no one there. He looked round the room and under the table; and he looked behind him a great many times. But there was no one there. He sat down again at the window.

This time he did not speak; but he began to think again that it would be very nice if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, clearer than before.

"What is that?" said Gluck again.

He looked into every part of the room; then he began turning round and round as fast as he could, thinking that there was someone behind him. Just then the same voice came to his ears again: it was now singing very happily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a quiet sound like that of a pot boiling. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. He went into the next room; no, it was not there; it was in *this* room. It sounded quicker and clearer, "Lala-lira-la."

Then Gluck thought that he could hear it better when he was near the fire. He went near to the fire: yes, he was right: the sound was coming out of the fire. No, it was coming out of the pot. He took the top off the pot; then he ran back afraid. The pot was singing! He stood on the other side of the room with his hands up and his mouth open. After some time the voice became clearer and began to speak.

F. "Gluck, my boy," said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

"I will be brave," said Gluck to himself. He walked straight up to the fire, took the pot from it, and looked in. The gold was all melted; it was just like a looking-glass. But, as Gluck looked down into it, he did not see his own face; he saw the red nose and the angry eyes of his old friend of the drinking-pot.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I am ready now; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much surprised to do anything.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice angrily.

Still Gluck could not move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice angrily;
"I am too hot."

G. At last Gluck took the pot and turned it on one side so as to pour out the gold. But, in the place of a little river of gold, there came out first two little golden feet, then a coat, then two arms, and, last, the well-known head of his friend, the drinking-pot. These things came together as they fell, and then stood up on the floor in the form of a little golden man, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right," said the little man, moving first his feet, then his arms, and then moving his head up and down.

"He is seeing if he has put himself together right," thought Gluck, as he looked at him, too much surprised to speak.

When the little man had made quite sure that he *had* come together all right, he turned his eyes on Gluck, and stood looking at him for a long time.

H. "No, it would not, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

Gluck could not be sure what he was talking about. Perhaps he was answering Gluck's thoughts, as he had done when he first spoke from out of the pot. But Gluck certainly did not like to ask what he meant, or to answer that it *would*!



"I am the King of the Golden River."

"Would it not?" said Gluck.

"No," said the little man, as if to end the matter, "no, it would not." And, so saying, he pulled his hat down hard over his eyes and took three steps up and down the room, raising his feet very high and setting them down very hard.

This gave Gluck time to think a little. He did not now feel quite so much afraid of the little man as he had been.

"Please," said Gluck at last, "were you my drinking-pot?"

At this the little man turned quickly round, walked straight up to Gluck, and stood up very straight in front of him.

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

He then turned round and took six steps up and down the room. After that he walked up to Gluck, and stood waiting for him to speak. Gluck did not know what to say, but he felt that he really must say something.

"I hope that you are very well, O King," said Gluck.

I. "Hear me!" said the little man. "I am the King of what you men call the Golden River. A stronger king changed me into the form in which you saw me. With your help I have now changed back into my own form. I have seen that you are a good boy, and so I wish to serve you. So remember what I say. Climb to the top of that mountain from



*Holy
Water.*

which the Golden River falls; throw into the water three drops of *holy* water.' Whoever does this, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. You may try once only; you may not try again. If anyone throws unholy water into the river, he will become a black stone."

So saying the King of the Golden River turned away, and walked straight into the hottest part of the fire. His form became red, then white. There was a great white light; and the King of the Golden River had gone!

"Oh! Oh!" cried Gluck, "my pot, my beautiful drinking-pot!"

Chapter Three

HOW HANS SET OUT TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE

A. Just as the King of the Golden River went away, Hans and Schwartz came into the house. They had been drinking and were very ready to start a quarrel. When they heard that the drinking-pot was lost, they became very angry. They went on hitting poor Gluck for some time, and then they asked him what he had got to say for himself.

Gluck told them his story; and, of course, they did not believe a word of it. Then they hit him again till their arms were tired. And then they went to bed.

In the morning they made him tell his story again. When they heard him tell just the same story as he had told them before, they began to think that perhaps it might be true. Then they began to quarrel as to which of them should set out first to look for the Golden River. From quarrelling they came to fighting; and they made such a noise that the people came in from the houses near by. The people sent for soldiers to stop the fight. When the soldiers came, Hans ran away; but Schwartz was



Hans and Schwartz started fighting.

caught and was taken away. He was ordered to pay a great deal of money. And, as he could not pay it, they shut him up.

B. When Hans heard this, he was very pleased. He said, "Now I will set out for the Golden River at once." But at first he did not quite know how he could get the holy water. Hans knew that no one would give him any holy water at the church, because everyone knew that he was such a bad man. So he went into the church at night like a thief, and took some away in a little jar.

Next morning he got out of bed before the sun was up. He took some food and something to drink, and the holy water, and set out to the mountains. On his way out of the town he passed the place where Schwartz was. He saw Schwartz's face at the narrow window, looking very sad.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans. "Can I take a note from you to the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz was very angry. But Hans only laughed at him. "Take great care of yourself till I come back," he said. He held up the pot of holy water in front of Schwartz's face, and then he marched off very pleased with himself.

C. It was certainly a morning which might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to look for. Gentle clouds lay along the valley, out of which the great mountains stood up, their lower



parts hidden in the clouds. But the red sunlight fell upon the rocks and trees above, and upon the highest mountain-tops as they slept in the blue sky clothed in unchanging snow.

The Golden River fell from one of the lower mountains on which there was no snow. The sun was behind it, so that it lay in half-darkness; only the light gently caught the cloud which rose up from its falling waters.

Hans looked at nothing but the Golden River: he had no other thought. He set off walking very fast, not remembering how far he had to go. So he was very tired by the time he had crossed the first line of low green hills.

He now came to a great rock, very dangerous to cross. In some

Schwartz was very angry.

places he had to go down on his hands. Again and again he fell. He could not carry the food and drink with him; he left it behind. At last he came to the other side, and threw himself down on the green grass of the mountain-side.

After resting for an hour he was ready to go on again.

D. His way now lay over dry red rocks. There was no grass there at all, and there were no trees to keep off the sun. It was past noon. The day was hot; and there was no wind. Hans was tired; and, more than that, he needed water. The holy water was now all that he had (for he had left the food and drink behind on the rock). Again and again he looked at the little jar of holy water.

"Three drops are enough," he thought. "I may drink a little of it and still have enough left."

He opened the jar and was just raising it to his mouth, when his eye fell on some small beast lying on the rock at his side. It was a small dog almost dead for want of water. Its mouth was open, and there were ants inside. Its eye moved to the jar which Hans held in his hand. Hans raised the jar and drank, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a darkness had come across the blue sky.

E. The way became harder and harder and the air hotter and hotter. He wanted water more and more. After an hour he again looked at the jar at



his side. It was only half full; but there was far more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it; and again, as he did so, something moved on the ground at his side. It was a beautiful child dying for want of water. Its eyes were closed; its mouth was dry and black. Hans looked at it; then he drank, and passed on. A cloud came over the sun, and long lines of darkness came up the mountain-sides.

Hans went on. The sun was going down, but the air did not seem to become any colder. The end of his journey was near. He could see the Golden River springing from the mountain-side only five hundred feet above him. He stopped to rest; then sprang on to finish his work.

Just then a cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a white-haired old man lying on the rocks.

"Water!" He held out his arms to Hans, and cried, "Water!"

"I have none," answered Hans. "You have lived long enough."

He stepped over the body of the old man and went on.

The sun was going down like a red-hot ball. He stood on the rocks above the river looking down. The river was filled with the red fire of the sun, and bloody light lay along its waters. Hans threw the jar into the river. As he did so a fearful coldness came over his body. He gave a cry, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. The river sounded with a sad and fearful weeping as it went over—



Chapter Four

HOW SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON A JOURNEY TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND WHAT HAP- PENED TO HIM

A. Poor little Gluck waited and waited alone in the house for Hans to come back. Finding that he did not come back, he became afraid and went and told Schwartz all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and that he would now have all the gold for himself. But Gluck was very sad and cried all night.

When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house and no money; so Gluck went and worked for another gold-seller. He worked so hard, and so well, and so long every day, that he soon got enough to pay the money for Schwartz to be let out. Schwartz was very pleased and told Gluck that he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only asked that he would go and see what had happened to Hans.

Now Schwartz had heard that Hans had gone as a thief to get the holy water from the church. He thought that the King of the Golden River might not think that this was quite right. So he took some of Gluck's money and gave it to a bad man and

told him to get some holy water for him. The man did so, and Schwartz was sure that it was all quite right now.

B. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun was up. He took some food and something to drink. He put his holy water in a little jar and set off for the mountains. He came to the great rock and found the crossing of it very dangerous, so that he had to leave his food and drink behind him.

There were no clouds; the air was heavy and hot. As Schwartz climbed over the red rocks he began to need water more and more. At last he raised the jar of holy water to his mouth to drink a little. Just as he did so, he saw a beautiful child lying near him on the rocks, and it called to him and cried to him for water.

"Water!" said Schwartz, "I have not half enough for myself," and he passed on.

And as he went on, the day became darker; and he saw a great black cloud coming up out of the west. After he had climbed for another hour he again needed water, and he would have drunk. Then he saw an old man lying before him on the ground, and heard him cry out for water.

"Water!" said Schwartz, "I have not half enough for myself," and he passed on.

Again the day seemed to become darker. He looked up and saw that a cloud of the colour of blood had come over the sun; and the black cloud in the west was very high.

C. Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again he wanted water. As he put the jar to his mouth, he saw his brother Hans lying on the ground before him; and, as he looked at him, Hans seemed to raise his arms and cry to him for water.

“Ha! ha!” laughed Schwartz, “are you there? Remember how you laughed at me when I was at the window. Water! Do you think that I carried it all the way up here for *you*?”

And he stepped over the form of Hans. Yet, as he passed, he thought that it seemed as if the face of Hans was laughing at him. He went on a little way, and then looked back; but Hans was not there!

Fear came over Schwartz—he knew not why. But he wanted the gold; he conquered his fear and went quickly on. The sky, where the sun was going down, was like a sea of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, cutting its red clouds to pieces and driving them far into the darkness.

At last Schwartz stood by the Golden River. Its waters were black mixed with fire. He threw the jar into the river. And, as he did so, the earth went from under him, and the waters closed over his cry. The river sounded with a sad and fearful weeping as it went over—



Chapter Five

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON A JOURNEY TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND WHAT HAP- PENED TO HIM; AND CERTAIN OTHER MATTERS ALSO

A. When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sad, and did not know what to do. He had no money and had to go and work again with the gold-seller. The man made him work very hard and gave him very little money.

So after a month or two Gluck became tired, and thought that he also would go to the Golden River.

"The little King looked very kind," he thought. "I do not think that he will turn me into a black stone."

So he went to the church and was given some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread and the jar of holy water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If his brothers found it tiring and dangerous to cross the great rock, he found it twenty times harder, for he was not so strong, and he had not done so much climbing on the mountains as they had. He fell several times, and he lost his bread and his drinking-water. He lay a long time resting on the grass after he had got over, and he began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day.

B. When he had climbed for an hour he wanted a drink. He was just going to drink some of the holy water, like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the hill above him. The old man looked very ill.

“My son,” said the old man, “will you please give me some of that water?”

Then Gluck looked at him, and, when he saw that he was tired and ill, he gave him the water. “Please do not drink it all,” said Gluck.

The old man drank a great deal; when he gave back the jar, half of the water was gone.

Gluck went on again. The way seemed to be less hard. He saw some grass, and he heard a bird singing; and Gluck thought that he had never heard such happy singing.

C. Then he went on for another hour, and he needed water so much that he thought that he must have a drink. But, as he raised the jar to his mouth, he saw a little child lying by the roadside, and it cried out to him for water.

Then Gluck thought, "Perhaps if I try hard I can go on without drinking for a little time longer." So he put the jar to the child's mouth and it drank all but a few drops. Then it laughed, and got up, and ran down the hill. He looked after it till he could not see it any more. Then he turned and began climbing again. And then he saw many sweet flowers growing on the rocks. And the sunlight was so warm and clear that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, he needed water so much that he could not bear it any longer. He looked at the jar and he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it; if he drank any of it there might not be enough left. He put the jar back again at his side. And, as he did so, he saw a little dog lying almost dead on the rocks, just as Hans had seen it on his journey. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River only just above him. He thought of the words of the little King, "You may try once only; you may not try again." He tried to pass the dog, but it made a sad little sound, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor little beast," said Gluck, "it will be dead when I come down again, if I do not help it."

Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its

eye turned on him so sadly, that he could not bear it.

"I do not care about the King—or his gold!" said Gluck; and he opened the jar and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

D. The dog sprang up and stood on its back feet. Its ears became long, longer, golden; its nose became very red. The dog had gone, and before Gluck stood his old friend, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the King, "but don't be afraid; it is all right." For Gluck seemed to fear that the King might have heard what he had just said.

"Why did you not come before?" said the little King. "Why did you send those brothers of yours so that I had to turn them into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh! oh!" said Gluck, "that was bad of you! Why did you do that?"

"Why," said the little King, "because they poured unholy water into my river. Do you think I am going to let people do that?"

"I am sure," said Gluck, "that they got the water from the church."

"Perhaps they did," answered the King. His face became hard and angry as he spoke. "But water which has been held back and not given to the dying, is unholy, even if it is taken from the church. And water which is used in the work of loving kindness is holy, from whatever place it is taken."

So saying the King pulled up a flower that grew at his feet. On it lay three clear drops of rainwater; he put these three drops into the jar which Gluck held in his hand.

"Throw these into the river," he said, "and go down on the other side of the mountains into the Golden Valley."

As he spoke he became changed into a cloud, which went up into the air and was gone.

E. Gluck climbed up to the Golden River. Its waters were as clear as glass in the sunlight. When he threw the three drops of holy water into the river, a hole opened in the bed of the river where they fell, and the water went down into it.

Gluck stood watching for some time. He was rather sad because the river had not turned into gold; but its waters seemed to have become very much less.

Yet he did as his friend the King had said, and went down on the other side of the mountains. As he went, he thought that he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. When he reached the Golden Valley he saw a river, like the Golden River, springing from a new hole in the rocks above it and running out in many little springs among the dry red earth.

And, as Gluck stood there, fresh grass came up on the sides of the new springs; plants grew up from the ground, and young flowers opened along the river-sides. So the Golden Valley became a garden



*Gluck was rather sad because the river had not
turned into gold.*

again; and the richness of it, which had been lost by unkindness, was won again by love.

Gluck went and lived in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door. His house became full of corn and riches; so that for him the river had become a River of Gold, as the little King had said.

And to this day the people of the valley show the place where the three drops of holy water were thrown into the river, and point out the course of the Golden River under the ground until it comes out into the Golden Valley. And at the highest part of the Golden River are still to be seen two Black Stones. The waters make sad sounds around them, and these stones are still called by the people of the valley—

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

CHAUNTICLERE AND PERTELOTE

by GEOFFREY CHAUCER

*HERE BEGINS THE STORY OF THE COCK
CHAUNTICLERE, AND THE HEN PERTELOTE*

A. Once there was a poor old woman. She lived with her two children in a little hut near a forest. Ever since her man died, she had lived in a very simple way; for she had only a little piece of land, a few cows, and some hens.

The hut was small; their food was simple—milk, bread, and sometimes an egg or two. But she and her children were always happy, and they were never ill. For it is eating too much and working too little that makes people ill; but this old woman and her two children had never too much to eat and always had a great deal of work.

B. There was a little piece of land at the back of the old woman's house. She had made a wall about it, and there she kept a *cock* named Chaunticlere. In all that country there was no singer like him. There was no sound to be heard (no, not even in the church!) which was so sweet as his voice. He was always right in his hours: no one knew the time of day better than he. His face was red, redder than a red jewel. His feet were blue; and his feathers were like gold. He had seven hens for his wives. They

were all very like him in colour; but the most beautiful of them was named Lady Pertelote. She was gentle and kind and wise and happy, and so beautiful that Chaunticlere had loved her ever since she was seven days old. Truly she had his heart in her keeping, for he loved her so much that he was never happy without her. Each day in the early morning it was quite beautiful to hear those two singing together:

My love is gone away,
Gone away, gone away;
My love is gone away,
Far, far away!

(For in those days, as I am told, beasts and birds could speak and sing.)

C. One morning Chaunticlere sat among all his wives; and by his side sat fair Pertelote. They were all asleep. Then Chaunticlere began to cry out as a man full of fear at some fearful *dream*. Pertelote awoke and said, "My dear heart, what is the matter with you that you cry out in this way? You are always such a good sleeper; why are you making all this noise?"

He answered, "My sweet lady, I *dreamt* such a fearful thing that I am still feeling afraid even now! Pray God that this dream may not come true. I dreamt that, as I was walking up and down in our little field, I saw a beast like a dog, and it tried to catch hold of my body. Its colour was between red



The cock, Chaunticlere, had a fearful dream.

and golden, and there was black on both its ears. It had a small nose and two eyes like hot coals of fire. I almost died with fear at the sight of him. That was what caused me to cry out."

"Now by God above," cried Pertelote, "you have lost my heart and all my love! We women all want to marry men who are strong and wise—not foolish men, who are afraid of everything. Why, then, do you tell your loved one that anything can make you feel afraid? Have you not got a man's heart—or are you only a child? To be afraid because of a dream! There is nothing real in dreams, nothing at all. They are caused by eating too much. And you *do* eat too much, as anyone can see by the redness of your face. You should take a powder so as to put your stomach in order. Or there are certain plants which I can show you growing in this field; if you eat some of them, they will do you good."

D. "Dear lady," said Chaunticlere, "thank you for these kind words. But I still believe that dreams have some meaning. If you read about Joseph you will find that the cook and the servant of the King of Egypt dreamt dreams, and that their dreams really came true; and so also did the King, and his dream also came true. As for taking a powder for my stomach, let me tell you that I do not believe in such things: I think they are very dangerous. But now let us stop this talk and be happy. God has been very good to me in one thing; for, when I look

upon the beauty of your face, and your pretty red eyes, all my fear flies away. It is said in Latin '*Mulier est hominis confusio*'. This means in English, 'Woman is man's greatest happiness',¹ and really I think these beautiful words are very, very true."

E. So saying he jumped down from where he was sitting, for it was now day. Then he made a noise *chuk, chuk, chuk*, to call for his hens, for he had found some corn on the ground. Now he was a king; he was not afraid any more. He walked up and down on the points of his feet. He called *chuk, chuk, chuk*, when he found a bit of something to eat, and all his wives ran to him. So there was Chaunticlere, fine and brave as a prince in his hall.

Now I will tell you what happened to him.

* * * *

It is the month of May, and Chaunticlere is walking with his seven wives by his side. He looked up at the sky, saw where the sun was, and said, "In just half an hour it will be noon, Lady Pertelote. How beautifully those birds are singing; and just look at those sweet flowers. My heart is quite full of happiness."

And then something fearful happened. (So quickly is happiness changed to pain and sadness! Ah me!)

There was a fox, a very bad, and a very wise fox. For three years he had lived in the forest, but that

¹ *Teacher:* The correct meaning of the Latin words is *Mulier* (woman) *est* (is) *hominis* (man's) *confusio* (ruin). Chaunticlere had rather forgotten his Latin since he left school!

same night he had made a hole in the wall and had come through into the little field where Chaunticlere the Beautiful and his seven wives were walking. He was now hiding among some plants till it was noon, waiting to spring out upon Chaunticlere. (So do bad men lie in hiding, waiting to kill!)

F. O Chaunticlere, sad was this morning when you came out of your little hut into the field. Did not your dreams tell you that this day was dangerous to you? But what *must* happen, *will* happen. We think that we can change our lives; but we cannot really. We think that we are following our own plans when we do things; but we are not really. No, no—what must be, will be. That is, the learned men say that it will. Just think; here was a cock who had asked his wife whether he should walk in the field, although on the very same morning he had dreamt that fearful dream; and she said that he should. Now that just shows you, doesn't it? It shows you that what women say is not *always* right.

Lady Pertelote and the six other wives were playing happily in the dust, and Chaunticlere was singing as happily as a fairy. And it so happened that, as he turned his eyes to look at a large fly that was sitting on one of the plants, he saw the fox hiding there.

G. He did not want to sing any more after that! Up he jumped like a man that is afraid for his life. He was just going to fly away, when the fox said,



Then Chaunticlere began his song.

“Kind gentleman, where are you going? I am your friend: why do you run away from me? I would never think of hurting you. My only reason for coming is to hear you singing. For truly you have a voice like some beautiful sea-fairy. You know more about singing than Boëce, or anyone that I have ever known or heard of. Your father (such a good gentleman!) and your mother (a very gentle lady)

have been in my house. The only person that I ever heard sing as well as you was your dear father. He sang from his heart! And he would try so hard to make his voice stronger, that he would stand up straight and shut both his eyes. Such a wise man—and such a singer he was! And now, kind gentleman, I do pray you to sing. I want to hear if you can sing like your dear father.”

And foolish Chaunticlere was pleased by this talk. Ah, great kings and princes, how often are you pleased by those who speak sweet words to you, rather than by those who tell you the truth!

H. Then Chaunticlere stood up straight and closed his eyes, and began his noon-day song. Then Mr Fox jumped up at once, caught Chaunticlere and began to carry him away in his mouth.

Never did ladies make such a weeping and crying as did all the hens in the field when they saw the fearful sight of Chaunticlere being carried off in this way. Pertelote wept as a queen weeps over her king. As women at the burning of a city, as mothers over their dead soldier-sons when the army marches home again, so did these poor hens weep and cry out.

The old woman and her two children heard the hens weeping and crying, and ran out of the door. They saw the fox going to the forest carrying the cock in his mouth. They cried, “Ha! Ha! the fox!” And they ran after him. And men ran. And Collie, our dog, ran; and Talbot; and Gerland ran. And old Mrs Malkin ran, still carrying her cloth and

needle. The horses ran, and the cows ran; and the cats ran, afraid at the noise of the dogs. The cows cried "Moo! Moo!" and the cats cried "Miew! Miew!" and the dogs said "Bow! wow!" and the men called "Fox! Fox!" and the ducks said "Quack Quack!" You never heard such a noise. It was like a battle!

I. Now good men, I pray you, hear me. How quickly things are changed about! This cock lay in the fox's mouth, very much afraid; and in his fear, he spoke to the fox, and said, "Mr Fox, if I were you, I should turn round and say to all these people, 'Turn back you foolish things! Pooh! Do you think you can catch me? Here I am at the side of the forest laughing at you. And here the cock shall stay; and I shall eat him when, and as, I please.'"

"Yes," answered the fox, "that's just what I *will* say!"

And as he spoke those words, the cock got out of his mouth and went flying up to the top of a high tree.

When the fox saw that he was gone, he said, "O dear Mr Chaunticlere, I have been unkind to you. You were angry with me when I caught you and brought you out of the field. But I really did not mean to hurt you. Come down and I will tell you just what I did mean to do. I will really tell you the truth; really I will!"

"I *was* angry with you," answered the cock; "and I *am* angry with myself. And I should be still more

angry if I let myself believe you a second time. Never again will you get me to sing and shut both my eyes. The poem says:

He never wise
And safe will be,
Who shuts his eyes
When he should see.

And good will never come to him who opens his mouth to talk when he should keep it shut: you should remember that also, for your own good."

* * * *

Perhaps some of you think that this is only a foolish story of a cock and a hen: but it teaches us two great lessons: (1) Not to believe people who speak sweet words to us, *and* (2) Not to talk when we should not be talking.

A great teacher, Paul, has said, "All that is written is written for our good." Let us take the good part, and let the rest go.

And now, O God, we pray You to make us all good men; and we pray that, when we die, we may come into your Great Happiness.

Amen—So may it be.

QUESTIONS

Gulliver's Travels

- I. A.
 - 1. How many brothers had Gulliver?
 - 2. How old was Gulliver when he went to sea?
 - 3. In what year did he go to sea?
- B.
 - 1. How many men died?
 - 2. What happened to the ship?—"The wind — it onto . . ."
 - 3. (a) How many men were in the boat?
(b) What happened to the others?
- C.
 - 1. How far did Gulliver walk to the land?
 - 2. At what time did Gulliver reach dry land?
 - 3. What did Gulliver do then?
- D.
 - 1. How long did Gulliver sleep?
 - 2. How were Gulliver's arms and legs held down? . . . "With . . ."
 - 3. What did the little man seem to be?
 - 4. How many others followed him?
- E.
 - 1. How were some of the little men hurt? "By . . ."
 - 2. What did he try to do?
 - 3. What did the little men do to Gulliver? "They . . . at . . ."
- F.
 - 1. Where was the table? "About . . ."
 - 2. How many men got up on it?
 - 3. Who was holding up the coat?
- G.
 - 1. Why did they cut the strings? "So that Gulliver could . . ."
 - 2. How did Gulliver show that he would be quiet?
 - 3. How did Gulliver show that he wanted food?
- H.
 - 1. How big were the cows? "Not larger than . . ."
 - 2. How big were the hens?
 - 3. How many pots of milk did he drink?
- I.
 - 1. What did a great person bring?
 - 2. Where must Gulliver be carried?
- J.
 - 1. What did they put on Gulliver's face?
 - 2. What two things made Gulliver sleep?
- K.
 - 1. What were the carts used for carrying? "(a) . . . and (b) . . ."
 - 2. How many wheels had the cart?
 - 3. How many horses pulled the cart?
- L.
 - 1. How many men were on each side?
 - 2. What was used as Gulliver's house?
 - 3. What did they put on Gulliver's foot?

2. A.
 1. How big were the fields?
 2. How high were the trees?
 3. Who came to see Gulliver?
- B.
 1. Who watched Gulliver eating?
 2. What had the six men done to Gulliver?
 3. What did the Captain do to the six men?
 4. "I took up one of the men and—" What did Gulliver do?
- C.
 1. What might be caused if Gulliver was killed?
 2. What did the Captain tell the king?
 3. What must the wise men do?
- D.
 1. In how many weeks did Gulliver learn to speak?
 2. What must the soldiers see?
 3. Of what four things did they draw pictures?
- E.
 1. What was the large black thing?
 2. How many horses brought this (1)?
- F.
 1. What had they done to the hat?
 2. Where did the army march?
 3. How many men were in the army?
- G.
 1. When must the people go into their houses? (How long before Gulliver comes into the city?)
 2. Against whom must Gulliver help?
 3. What must Gulliver help the workmen to do?
 4. How much food will Gulliver get? "Enough for . . ."
3. A.
 1. Where is the King's house?
 2. How did Gulliver see into the rooms?
 3. What did the Queen do?
- B.
 1. Who was Reldresal?
 2. What is the quarrel about? "The way in which . . ."
 3. Is the King of Lilliput a Big-ender or a Little-ender?
- C.
 1. What were waiting to attack Lilliput?
 2. How deep was the water?
 3. What did Gulliver get?
- D.
 1. In how long a time did Gulliver come to Blefusco?
 2. What had Gulliver remembered to bring?
 3. How many ships did he pull away?
- E.
 1. How much of Gulliver was above the water?
 2. What did the King want to do to the people of Blefusco?
 3. What did some of the King's friends want to do to Gulliver?
- F.
 1. What did the King of Blefusco ask Gulliver to do?
 2. What was written in the Orders of the King?
"That Gulliver should not . . ."
 3. What two orders did the King of Lilliput give about Gulliver?
(1) That his (2) that he should not
 4. What was to be done with Gulliver's body?

- G. 1. Where did Gulliver put his clothes. "In . . ."
- 2. Who showed Gulliver the way to the city of Blefusco?
- 3. Where did Gulliver sleep?
- 4. A. 1. What did Gulliver see in the sea?
- 2. How many ships were sent to get it?
- 3. What did Gulliver ask the King to give him?
- B. 1. How many cows did Gulliver take?
- 2. Where did Gulliver set out?
- 3. On which day did Gulliver see a ship?
- C. 1. What was the flag?
- 2. What was the name of Gulliver's friend?
- 3. What happened to one of the cows?

The King of the Golden River

- I. A. 1. What was the name of the country?
- 2. What was the river called?
- 3. Did any of the rivers come into the valley?
- 4. What was the valley called?
- B. 1. What were the names of the three brothers?
- 2. Why did they kill the singing birds?
- 3. What did they pay to the servants?
- 4. What were the two brothers called?
- C. 1. How old was Gluck?
- 2. They made Gluck . . . What?
- 3. What food did Gluck get? "What was . . ."
- D. 1. "At last there came a . . ." What?
- 2. What did the people come to buy?
- 3. How much money did the brothers ask?
- E. 1. What must Gluck see to?
- 2. What did Gluck wish his brothers to do? "Ask . . ."
- 3. What did Gluck hear?
- F. 1. How did the person hit the door?
- 2. "He had a . . . (a) . . . nose and a . . . (b) . . . face"
- 3. How long was his coat?
- G. 1. Why did the old gentleman turn round? "To . . ."
- 2. What does the old gentleman want to do?
- H. 1. What happened as the old gentleman walked in?
- "A great . . . house."
- 2. How long may the old gentleman stay? "Till . . ."
- 3. Into which room did the old gentleman go?
- I. 1. The old gentleman did not . . . Did not do what?
- 2. What was putting the fire out? "The . . . from the . . ."
- 3. Why was the old gentleman glad because the fire was being put out?

- J. 1. What did the old gentleman ask Gluck to give him?
2. The old gentleman had had no food for . . . how long?
3. The brothers had said that Gluck might have . . . today. Might have what?
- K. 1. What did Gluck do before he opened the door?
2. What did Hans do to Gluck?
3. "God help us" said Schwartz. What did the old gentleman say?
- L. 1. What happened when the stick hit the hat?
(a) . . . all over the room
(b) The stick was . . .
2. What did Hans say about the old gentleman's hair? "It will . . . you . . ."
- M. 1. What did the old gentleman ask for?
2. What did Hans tell him to do?
3. What happened to Hans and Schwartz when they touched the old gentleman.
- N. 1. When will the old gentleman come again?
2. What went past the window?
- O. 1. Did the brothers give Gluck any meat?
2. When did the old gentleman come?
3. What did the brothers see jumping up and down?
4. What had happened to the house?
- P. 1. Whose room was dry?
2. Where will they find the old gentleman's name?
3. What had happened to the Golden Valley?
4. What was the old gentleman's name?
2. A. 1. Whom had the S.W. wind told not to go to the Golden Valley?
2. What did the valley become?
3. What was left of the Black Brothers' riches?
- B. 1. What will the brothers do with the golden pots?
2. What did the brothers do when they sold anything?
3. Which one thing was left?
- C. 1. What was on the front of the pot?
2. What did Schwartz see while he was drinking? "The . . . of the pot . . . and . . ."
3. What did Gluck see remaining of the pot?
- D. 1. What could Gluck see clearest?
2. Gluck said, "It would be a nice thing if that . . . were . . ." If what?
3. What did the voice say?
- E. 1. What was the voice doing now?
2. From what was the voice coming?
- F. 1. What did Gluck see in the melted gold?
2. What did the voice tell Gluck to do?

- G. 1. What came out of the pot?
2. How high was he?
3. How did the little man see if he had "put himself together right?" "He moved his ... (a) ... and ... (b) ... and (c) ..."
- H. 1. Who is the little man?
2. What did the little man do with his hat?
3. What did Gluck say? ... "I hope ..."
- I. 1. Who had changed the King into a pot?
2. What must Gluck throw into the river?
3. What will happen to anyone who throws unholy water into the river? "He will become a ..."
3. A. 1. What do the brothers quarrel about? "About which should ..."
2. Who was caught by the soldiers?
B. 1. How did Hans get the holy water from the church?
2. Whom did Hans see on his way out of the town?
C. 1. What was dangerous to cross?
2. What did he leave behind?
3. How long did he rest?
D. 1. What was lying on the rock?
2. Why was this (1) nearly dead?
3. What did it look at?
4. Did Hans help it?
E. 1. What did Hans see when he stopped to open the jar of water?
2. How far above him was the river?
3. Who was lying on the rocks?
4. What happened to Hans?
4. A. 1. For whom did Gluck work?
2. What did Gluck do with the money?
3. Why did Schwartz give money to the bad man? "To get ... for him."
B. 1. What did Schwartz do at the great rock?
2. What did he see just as he was going to drink?
3. Whom did he see lying on the ground?
C. 1. Whom did Schwartz see lying on the ground?
2. What did Hans seem to be doing?
3. What happened to Schwartz?
5. A. 1. For how long did Gluck work?
2. What did Gluck take with him?
3. When did Gluck begin to climb the hill?
B. 1. Who was coming down the hill?
2. How much of the water did he (1) drink?
3. What did Gluck hear?

- C. 1. How much water did the child drink?
- 2. What did he see on the rocks?
- 3. What did the little King say? "You may . . ."
- 4. Gluck said "I do not care about . . ." About what?
- 5. What did he do?
- D. 1. What did the dog become?
- 2. What water is holy? "Water which has been used . . ."
- 3. What was on the flower?
- E. 1. What happened in the bed of the river?
- 2. What did he see in the Golden Valley?
- 3. What are the stones called?

Chaunticlere and Pertelote

- A. 1. What had the old woman got? (a) . . . (b) . . . (c) . . .
- 2. Why were the woman and her children never ill? "Because they never had . . . (a) . . . and they always had . . . (b) . . ."
- B. 1. What was Chaunticlere?
- 2. What did Chaunticlere do very well?
- 3. How many wives had Chaunticlere?
- 4. Who was Pertelote?
- 5. What could birds and beasts do in those days?
- C. 1. Why did Chaunticlere cry out?
- 2. What had Chaunticlere seen?
- 3. By what are dreams caused?
- 4. How can you see that Chaunticlere does this (3)? "By the . . . of his . . ."
- D. 1. What does Chaunticlere believe? "That . . . have some . . ."
- 2. Whose dreams come true? "The dreams of the . . . (a) . . . and . . . (b) . . . of the . . . (c) . . ."
- 3. Chaunticlere said that the Latin meant "Woman is man's . . ." What?
- 4. What does the Latin really mean? "Woman is man's . . ."
- E. 1. What month was it?
- 2. What time was it?
- 3. What had come into the little field?
- F. 1. "Now that just shows . . ." What does it show?
- 2. What did Chaunticlere turn his eyes to see?
- 3. What did he see?
- G. 1. The fox said, "My reason for coming is . . ." What?
- 2. Who have been "in the fox's house"?
- 3. What does the Fox want to hear? . . . "If you can . . ."
- 4. Kings are often more pleasant to those who . . . (a) . . . than to those who . . . (b) . . .

- H. 1. How did the fox catch Chaunticlere? "By the . . ."
2. How did Pertelote weep? "Like . . ."
3. What four animals ran?
4. What birds ran?
- I. 1. What did Chaunticlere tell the fox to say? "Pooh "
2. What was the poem?
 He
 And
 Who
 When
3. What two lessons does this story teach us?
 (a) Not to . . . who . . .
 (b) Not to . . . when . . .

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The Prince and the Pauper
Tales from the Arabian Nights
Stories from Ancient China
Rip Van Winkle
English and Welsh Fairy Tales
Tales of Ancient India

Titles in Stage 3

Children of the New Forest
King of the Undersea City
Monte Cristo
Moonfleet
Robinson Crusoe
Peter the Whaler
From Earth to Moon
Emil and the Detectives
The Blue Lagoon
The Swiss Family Robinson
Tales of Ancient Rome
Tales of Oscar Wilde
The Conspirators
Stories from Shakespeare
The Last Days of Pompeii
Hereward the Wake
The Sleeping Mountain
The Midwich Cuckoos
The Earth Abides



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